

# An Alienist Will Charge You \$5,000 to Tell You if You're Crazy; Go to the Cubist Show and You'll Be Sure of It for a Quarter

"No Imagination Outside the Psychopathic Ward of Bellevue or the Confines of Matteawan Can Conceive Without Actually Seeing It What a Cubist Picture Is Like."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

YOU would have to pay an alienist \$5,000 to find out if you are crazy, but if you will go to the Cubist exhibition you may be sure you are for a quarter. On fabulous day, "Calliope, Calliope." Yes I have seen the Jaberwocky and the work of his brain and hand. It is and will be on exhibition until March in the sixty-ninth Regiment Armory at Lexington avenue and Twenty-sixth street, where the Cubists and Futurists, the post impressionists and some regular artists and sculptors are showing examples of their work.

For the last two or three years in New York we have been hearing about these Cubists. But no imagination outside the psychopathic ward of Bellevue or the confines of Matteawan can conceive, without actually seeing it, what a Cubist picture is like. Having seen one, being in fact haunted by a dozen frantic or more frantic canvases, all I can say is that the next time the baby builds his blocks into a nice castle and then knocks them down you must have the resulting chaos photographed and call it "Nude Exercising on the Trapeze" or

the "Empress Taking a Bath in Pink Melanges Surrounded by Centipedes." No words in the English language and no combination of words are adequate to describe these Cubist pictures, about which we have heard so much. If you have studied geometry they may suggest to you a mechanical dance of planes and angles and parallelograms. In fact I believe that cubism must have originated in the brain of a professor of mathematics suddenly stricken with paresis.

There is one picture up in the Armory which looks like a pile of shingles that had been struck by lightning. It has the tones of light wood and nowhere in it is there any suggestion of human or animate life. The name of this masterpiece is "Nude Descending a Staircase." There is no staircase, there is no nude, there is in fact nothing save what might be a lot of shingles or unpainted door panels on a jag. Persons stand before this thing for a quarter of an hour at a time. Some laugh, others look solemn. Now and then somebody says "What do you think of it?" and another answers "I don't know what to think. Do you?"

The other day an admirer of Cubism explained to me that it is not intended to represent objects but to depict the emotions they inspire, that it is a sort of artistic shorthand which the initiated read as easily and with as much delight as the skilled musician brings to the interpretation of Beethoven. This may be. Having just come from the spell of the Cubist pictures I am not prepared to say whether anything is or isn't. Everything seems to be as it was in the beginning, without form and void. And unless you are a very strong minded and balanced person you will come out of the psychopathic ward of the

arts with a silly grin on your face and chasing one thumb after the other exclaiming as I did "When I catch this they are going to let me out!" Yet out of the wreck of sanity I rise to say this, "If you intend to visit the exhibition at the Armory and wish to be exclusive and rub elbows with the financial elite you must go between 10 and 12 in the morning when the admission fee is \$1. If you wish simply to see the pictures go later and pay 25 cents. You would have to pay an alienist several thousand dollars to pronounce you sane or insane—whichever you might happen to want—but you may settle this little point absolutely for a quarter by visiting the Cubist room at the Armory.

There are, of course, Cubist sculptures as well. Two blocks of marble touching each other are entitled "The Kiss." A portrait study of an egg bears the title "A Muse." But let us pass on to the next ward, where, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the works of Cezanne, Picasso, Matisse and Van Gogh (Do not feel or annoy the animals), genius post impressionists, I believe; but I am liable



alone knew. This is a study of three horribly ill-formed women on what is perhaps a beach. One of these ladies is offering the other a Dutch rosemary, one of the sort wherein twenty different flowers are built into a neat mound, with a little paper frill around it like the railing about a grave; but there are no frills around the ladies nor on them. They look like the drawings done by a bad schoolboy on a slate or a back fence. The other day an altitudinous art critic remarked of an impressionist (the king is already an old master): "Cezanne is already an old master." Maybe that explains him, at least to persons like me, who believe there are men alive today who can paint as well and draw a lot better than any of those old fellows.

To those persons who think it's great to be crazy I must impart that the kinsmen among the impressionists and post impressionists to-day are or were named Cezanne, Matisse and Van Gogh. If you want to appear to be a disciple all you need to do is to pause before a jumble of color that looks as though the artist had taken every tube of paint he could buy or borrow and scrambled it upon a defenseless canvas, wash three times and exclaim, "It's a Van Gogh." If you prefer to take up the Cubist form or mania stop before a Picasso. The catalogue will tell you which is which.

Besides the studies in paranoia, which are supplied by the foreign talent, the Armory exhibit has some extraordinarily beautiful examples of American painting and sculpture. Before they ring the ambulance look at the screens by Robert Chandler, the sculptures of George Barnard, Robert Altman, Joseph David, the beautiful animal pieces of Arthur Putnam of California, and then, unless these restore your mind, let them lead you on to a padded cell.

## "Mr. Mayor, Apologize to Greenwich Village!"

THERE was a mass meeting in the back room of Max Paule's Old Farm Hotel, on the eastern boundary of Greenwich Village yesterday afternoon to draw up a demand to Gov. Sulzer that he summarily order Mayor Gaynor to go to night school to study geography. His Honor (somebody unidentified went so far as to call him "that old rubber plant from Flatbush") got up at a church meeting in West Eleventh street the other night and brazenly admitted that he had never heard of Greenwich Village until recently. He said it with all the superb spirit he showed in greeting his first ratification meeting in the Fourteenth street temple of the unperfected Democracy by saying:

"So, this is Tammany Hall!" Among those to whom invitations were sent to attend the indignation meeting was Robert W. De Forest. He was not there. But Alexander McClellan, who was curator of the Old Grapevine saloon at Eleventh street for two generations, spoke in his place.

"Our Mayor is always complaining," he said, "that great philosophy and generosity and sympathy have vanished from New York along with police graft. I say we appoint a committee to ask him to come over twice a week to show him Greenwich Village and its folks; to take him to Jake Liquori's place where he may meet Mr. Henry Caruso on off nights of the opera; to take him to Luke O'Connor's to meet Boney the waiter, who never struck against anybody except himself; to Jim Ackerman's

to meet Jim's bulldog, Judge Corrigan, who can stand up against the strongest stream the men of Engine No. 72 can send against him from the fire house and go back at them again. Why, if he could be persuaded not to make any breaks like this one about not hearing of Greenwich Village we might take him around to a club night of the Hoboken Turtle Club or the Original Hounds. But he has got to go to night school first."

On motion of Lookie the Hatter it was voted to ask the Rev. Percy Grant, Thomas Fortune Ryan, President F. W. Whitridge of Third Avenue Railroad and former Assemblyman Richard Cott to wait on the Mayor and labor with him for his own betterment, pending the answer of the appeal to the Governor.

## "I'm a New York Dog and Proud of It," Says the Blue Ribbon Dalmatian; "I Run Ahead of Your Fire Horses and New Yorkers Call Me 'Mascot'"

By Windholme's Buckboard.

(Winner of the Blue in the class for Dalmatian service.)

ADD only a service and am sporting to-day, at the close of the great Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, my first blue ribbon, but there is something in my breed that—if you are a New Yorker—will stir you and thrill you and cause you to rejoice that my kind of dog is not becoming extinct.

I am the blue-ribbon Dalmatian. The judges at the show have told my breed that I have the making of a champion in me. I am just out of my

puppyhood and am scrawny, but from briquet to belly I am all lungs, for running is my business in life. In England they used to call me a pudding dog, because my coat is all speckled over with black spots. In the days that I called me a coach dog. In dog shows I am entered as a Dalmatian, but there are five million New Yorkers who call me "Mascot." I am the young champion in polite dog society of that noble branch of my breed that runs ahead of the fire horses when the engines, trucks and horse wagons roll from the engine houses in answer to an alarm.

Do you get me? I am a New York dog and am proud of it.

I am just as much a part of New York City as the old Brooklyn Bridge, the Battery, the old Arsenal in Central Park, the mounted police, the great tugging, tireless fire horses, the scream

of the siren as the Fire Chief's red machine tears through the highway, the sunsets showing between the narrow cross streets and the dawn striking the eastern facades of the skyscrapers. I belong to New York and New York's streets and I am proud of it. The firemen love me, and my best beloved of all the human beings on earth is my boss, who sits strapped to a seat behind the horses, with the smoke making a great and knightly plume behind his engine. I am the breed of the fire dog.

There are one thousand and more dogs in this show that is closing, and they range from the hugest and kindest Saint Bernard to the little two-pound "Beautiful Lady," a Mexican Chihuahua, so tiny that if she were to attack me and spring on my shoulders I would raise my off hind leg and scratch her free from my body as I would a pestiferous flea. My breed has been long out of fashion the world over, and the dogs of my kith and kin no longer follow coaches as they did in the days of tooling along quiet roads in England or between the colonial settlements in America when this country was younger. But when

"I Am the Breed of the Fire Dog," Says Windholme's Buckboard. "Many Is the Life of Child or Peddler We've Saved on Your Streets."

the bell rings in a New York fire house my kind of dog has his day. My breed is expected to bound out of the engine house and clear the way for the horses and the apparatus. After we get the sidewalk clear then we run ahead and give warning at the crossings, scattering people right and left. Many is the life of child or tired peddler, pushing his wares, that we have saved by whooping it up as we run and whirl in our running so that we may keep tabs on everything in the way of the oncoming engines.

At the fire the duty of my breed is to watch his boss, the driver. If there is danger and the fire is big and the boss is called to muster for hazardous duty the driver's mascot follows at his heels. He goes into the building, and when the smoke is too heavy he puts his nose down into puddles of water and drags from it enough oxygen to keep him alive, but he never leaves his boss, and his boss never leaves him. I have relatives in the Fire Department and I

know. One of my first cousins was left in a building during a fire in the paint and oil section downtown and his driver used the scaling ladders to return and get him. My cousin was burned to the raw in spots but he didn't jump, for he saw his friend coming back to him, climbing slowly up the hot wall, like a spider. His boss's face was blistered but they got out of it alive.

The more than one thousand dogs in this show are valued at more than a quarter of a million. It is a lot of money for a houseful of dogs, perhaps, but the dogs give back fidelity, affection that never swerves and a homage that only a dumb creature can offer another creature that has been given a voice to utter the fulness of the kindness within him. That little handful of dog called "Lady Beautiful" would bring \$1,600 if she was on the market, but her mistress would not sell her, and if she did sell her the heart of the poor little brute would break. The fine Great Dane over there, owned by

Jacob Ruppert, Princess Nan her name is, is valued at \$2,000 as far as cash goes.

The Lawson bulldog that tried to beat out my old friend Champion Prince Albert cost more than \$5,000, I am told. There is a little Japanese spaniel owned by Mrs. John J. Young of No. 32 West Eighty-seventh street that is worth more than her weight in gold. There are at least a hundred dogs here that would average six hundred dollars each at a sale and at least two hundred that would command the five hundred-dollar figure, either for showing or breeding. We are essentially high class and our pedigrees are well looked after before we come into the world, but there isn't a one of us that is not a friend of the human breed, and having that love for humankind makes it worth while all the restrictions and dog blarney that we must stand.

It isn't money that counts with a dog and a man. A fine French poet once wrote about sharing his last piece of bread with his friend. His

name—the poet's—was Beranger. The greatest of living writers—Maeterlinck—wrote of the soul of my kind, the soul of a dog. When Tobit sent his son Tobias on a journey of great import, never let his eyes rest upon human misery without trying to relieve it. Upon distress without trying to allay it, the dog of Tobias, as told in the Bible, followed him, and the Bible tells that he came back to his blind father with the son safely.

But I am the blue-ribbon novice of the fire dog class in the great dog show of 1913 A. D.—not B. C. I know this from hearing it spoken by the people

of the class of my owners. They are aristocrats of course. Every man who can hold the love and respect of a dog is an aristocrat. I, unfortunately, cannot trace my ancestry back to the dog that followed Tobias, because to produce me the dog show people blended a pointer dog—a hunting brute—with the bull terrier, a brute that has lungs, jaws and fighting instinct. So I am out of a cross breed and the bar sinister is mine. Therefore I am a part of New York and my breed is your mascot.

For a run ahead of the horses for ten blocks to a miserable five-dollar cellar blaze I'd given my new blue ribbon and my right ear.



Up-to-the-Moment Winners of "Best in Their Class" in New York's Great Dog Show